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Fickle Mollie.

BY JENNIE E. T. DOWE.

I think all day of Mollie, and I dream of her al Yet I'm never quite contented even when she's in my sight;
For 'tis, "Ah, I love you, Jamie!" and 'tis, "Ah,
I love you not!"
Until, pretty, fickle Mollie, I wish you were
forgot.

She's a fair and lovely creature, the sweetest of her kind,
If she deniy be consistent, I no'er a fault could find;
But 'tis, "Ah, I love you, Jamie!" and 'tis,
 "Ah, I love you not!"
Till I swear, O fickle Mollie, I wish you were forgot.

My heart is tossed this way and that, my feelings ebb and flow.

Till, wild with joy and mad with pain, I know not where to go;

For 'tis still, "I love you, Jamie!" and 'tis still, "I love you not!"

O! Mollie, Mollie, Mollie love! why will you tease me so? For you I never can forget, your love can no'er ough you love me, Mollie, and though you love me not, Full well you know, O Mollie dear, you'll nev-er be forgot.

"I love you not?" Till I vow that fickle Mollie by me shall be for-

A MODERN LOVE STORY.

BY MARIE HAZEN.

They were standing under the old trees in the orchard—Paul Woodward and Nannie Rivers. They had stood thus many a time before, listening to the babble of the brook that flowed mer-rily along; but to-day the brook rippled in vain, and the sun stole in and out, making tricksy shadows of the leaves; kissing Nan's dainty cheeks, and even peeping impertinently under the gypsy hat in search of the laughing brown eyes, without reproof, for the brown eyes were just now filled with tears, and were, moreover, bent persistently upon the grass at her feet, taking no note of

the saucy liberty.
"So it's good-by, is it, Nan?"
"Yes, Paul."

A long silence. Paul placed an arm around the girl's lithe waist, and took possession of the little brown, dimpled

No answer.

"Nannie! Nannie, my darling!"
"Do go away, Paul! There is no use

The brown eyes quite overflowed, the rosy mouth was set, and an obstinate frown disfigured the sweet young face. "I will go, certainly, if you wish it, Nan," said the young man, falling back a step or two, and lifting his head a little proudly. "I will go—but if I do, remember it is for good. I will not be placed feet and loose with. I am not the played fast and loose with; I am not the man to spend half a lifetime sighing at any woman's feet."

Then, softening again,-"Are you sure—quite sure—that you wish this separation? Are you quite determined to leave this quiet, peaceful life, exchange this calm independence for such a life as you will surely lead in your uncle's house in town?"

The girl lifted her head and tossed back the waving brown hair from the defiant little face.

"I am determined to leave this humdrum life and work out some path for myself, Paul," she said. "I know I shall miss you—I know I shall be home-sick and weary—I know it all; but I am

determined to try."
"Then there is no more to be said." And the young man picked up his some-what battered straw hat, placed it firmly on his sunny head, and without an-

other word marched proudly away.

Poor Nan! In spite of the valor of resolution of her seventeen years, her heart failed her as she watched him rapidly disappear among the trees of the orchard. Of all the people who lived in the world he loved her best.— Nan knew this; knew, too, that what he had said was true. No woman could play with his heart; break it she might;

but trample it under foot—never!

If Paul had been just a little less proud, he might have won her then.—
Had he but turned back through the

waving corn and taken command of the little rebel with the strong mastery of his deep love, she would have surrendered gladly. The parting was harder than she thought, and already in her secret soul she was wishing he would not let her go, even while she yowed she would not remain. But he did not return. The sun dipped behind the western hills, the late birds flew home to their cosy nests and downy little ones, and Nan, with a cold, numb dread upon her, crept back to the old farm-house and the old grandparents she was so soon to leave.

There was nothing new in her story; only a tale that is told again and again A pretty country girl, with an active brain and restless spirit, struggling against the barriers that hedged in her life. A foolish, unwise little head, confused and dazzled by the far-away glitter of town life. A faithful lover, mis prized-all blessings, all comforts, dwarfed in contrast with the magnified excellence of an unknown existence.

Beauty, grace and ability are, after all, but comparative. The attainments that seem so admirable in the home circle grow pitifully insignificant under the cold, critical glance of an uninter-ested public; and beauty—honest, simple beauty-must be extraordinary and wonderful to stand much chance against a little nature and a great deal of artwell applied.

The average person will judge of beauty, and talent, too, by the loudness of their demand for recognition. The plumage of a brilliant bird, will awaken from their lethargy of indifference a large number of people, who straight-way declare themselves to be earnest admirers of nature, while to all her countless delicate attractions they turn blind eyes. And the grace and worth that knocks at the portals of a careless world clothed in modesty and timidity,

will stand long in weary waiting.

Native grace stiffens into angular ugliness under blazing lights and searching eyes; and the gentle sweetness of a soft voice is drowned quite in the roar of large towns. And so our little hero-ine discovered. The voice with which her fortune was to be made, which rang out with a clearness and sweetness that rivalled the birds in the dear old wood at home, sounded thin and sharp in the curtain-hung, furniture-filled parlors of

One critic said, "You lack method, the pale cheeks. What cared breeze or Miss Rivers." Another, "Your voice is too light." This one found one fault that one another.

It was a cruel disappointment, but Nan faced the truth bravely. As a singer she was a total failure, and she knew it. The great plans she had formed grew misty, and faded quite away. The eastles she had built tumbled in ruins about her head. She had grown large in her own conceit, haughty in her assumed worth, proud of what she deemed herself to be. She had lived, like many another, in a world of her own creating—a world in which she was the centre about whom greatevents revolved. The discovery was painful in the extreme.

But Nan was brave, and bravely faced the truth. As a singer she was a total failure. She recognized the fact, and accepted the inevitable calmly. But she grew homesick and sad. Oh,

how she longed for the old days once more! How her heart ached for the old, simple, free life-her lost kingdom and her loved and loving subjects! She fought it bravely, but at last, overpow-ered, she wrote a little timid letter to Paul, and waited in a nervous flutter for the answer. The pride had quite died out of the sweet little face, and a timid, entreating look had crept into the soft brown eyes. Day after day this look grew stronger and stronger, and day after day the color came and went more and more fitfully on the sweet face-but no answer cam

Her uncle, who was very fond of her, noticed the change, and remarked to his

"Mary, our little girl does not seem to be as happy as she was. Don't you think you had better take her—er—er shopping?"
"Shopping" was Uncle John's infal-

lible cure for all ills of female flesh. In pursuance of this idea he called Nan in-

to the library, one morning, and put-ting into her hand a large roll of bills, "I've got no girls, Nannie, so you must furnish the dressmaker's bill, etc. Get some pretty dresses, dear, and brighten up the old home; let me see what a fine little bird you can be. There, there! Don't thank me! Give me a kiss

and run away with your aunt. She dotes on shopping." I am afraid it was not very much like a heroine to turn from a lover to fine clothes, and find comfort in the clothes. Nan should undoubtedly have refused her uncle's offering coldly and silently, and been sublimely indifferent to silks, satins and laces; but she was eighteen and pretty, which is a match for a great

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever," and the milliners and dressmakers pro-duce many artistic combinations of silk, lace and velvet, which are things of beauty, though not joys forever; still they are very fascinating to the average mind-male and female-for a brief

space of time. The old fairy story tells us that Cinderella's transformation was due entirely to her costume. The dainty figure and the lovely face were not changed by recognized by mother and sisters. The days of fairies have passed, they say, but nevertheless any Cinderella may find more than one godmother who for gold, if not for love, will transform her with the magic wand of skill till scarcely the eye that loves her best can tell her

Nan had no difficulty; and soon the simple violet became the grand pansy; in short, Nannie disappeared, and Miss Rivers stepped upon the scene. Her feet were incased in narrow toes and high heels, so that she scarce could walk; her skirts extended in a swift expanse from the tiny waist, and the sleeves clung tightly to the plump arms. The soft brown eyes, and the curls were twisted into two unsightly bunches and pinned on either side the little head, up-on whose crown rested the biggest of hats, surmounted by the most gigantic of plumes. Her gloves might have reached the shoulder, perhaps, had they not wrinkled so delightfully, while each wrist carried innumerable bangled bracelets which jingled charmingly .-Even the nails grow pointed and un-naturally pink. In short Miss Rivers

was an unnatural exaggeration of Nan. And now what followed? Why, hosts of admirers; rich and sensible men, men who loved sweet and womenly women, men who admired beauty unadorneddoted on the daisy order, despised gewgaws and endorsed the sweet simplicity style-wise men, scholarly men, all came and hovered about this new light, this gay butterfly whose heart was so much better than the glitter and sheen of her silken raiment would seem to

score, and the fragrance of the woodland fell from her garments, and the rich silks and velvets breathed an odor of the world. Yet Nan was not so much changed as would seem. That she loved the nice things that had fallen to her lot was true. She enjoyed the gay life, the consciousness of her own enhanced beauty, and the homage it brought her. The glare of lights, the crash of music and the heavy odor of flowers, brought a pleasing excitement. Her eyes were very bright, her cheeks pink, and her laugh gay and frequent. She enjoyed the opera and the ball; enjoyed her lovers—save when, waxing over-bold, one grew earnest, and spoke of love; then the girl recoiled, and a picture rose before her eyes of a summer's evening, a western sky, a field of golden corn, and one she could not forget, who stood before her as the sun went down.

It seemed to Nan, at such times, that the sun had never risen in full glory again since that summer evening's set ting; and the lover was refused, and Nan's pillow was wet with tears while she tasted the bitterness of her "Dead Sea fruit.

It was two years before she returned to visit her childhood's home-went back with the old impulsive enthusiasm quite dead, and the plans for the future

as changed as was her costume.

Under the shadow of the old apple trees in the orchard once more. The brook still babbled noisily; and the gnarled old trees looked friendly, and seemed to stretch out their arms in welcome to the girl they had so often sheltered. And the wanton breeze lifted the little rings of curls off the low white

babbling brook for fine raiment? Here she was only Nan-just as of old. So while the one sang sweetly, the other caressed her softly, softly, till over her came the sweet spell of a day that had been laid to rest.

As the sun grew low, touching with crimson the golden corn, Nan saw, as she used to see in those other days, a strong manly figure come swinging through the orchard—Paul, surely Paul! For two years she had neither seen nor heard from him. He, too, had left the old sleepy village and gone out into the world to seek his fortune, and their paths had not once crossed. But the magic of the place was upon Nan as she sat under the apple trees, and she stretched forth her hand to welcome him

as though but a day had intervened.
"How do you do, Paul?"
"How d'ye do Nan?" Then he sat down beside her, and a

silence fell upon them.
"Is it not lovely?" said Nan at last, breaking the silence which was growing oppressive, while her eyes roved over the fields and rested on the waving trees far off to the right.

"Very," answered Paul, briefly but emphatically, his eyes fixed on the deli-cate face by his side. "I wonder if the nuts are as plentiful there as they used to be," continued

"I don't know; my appetite for nuts has been slightly impaired by years, I

"Mine has not." "How has time affected your love for country life? Do

"'Tangled wood paths wet with dew seem poetically desirable, or does the old recollection of driving the cows to pasture destroy entirely the charm of

the imagery? Nan glanced at her companion hastily. A smile lurked about the corners of his mouth, but half hidden by his tawny

"I think I prefer to read about them; I have become less romantic and more practical," she said gravely. "The charm of bygone pleasures come over me, sometimes, like a half-forgotten strain of music; but 'tis lost before it can be captured and made one's own. Let us go home. It grows chilly." And Fan shivered to give emphasis to her

words.
Still Paul made no move, and with his hat resting on his knee, and his bright waves of hair resting against the trunk of the old tree, he sat looking at her, with the smile deepening about his mouth. Presently he spoke:-

"Nan, why did you write me that let-No need to shiver now. A rush of hot blood surged over face and neck, and an uncomfortable feeling of humil-

iation made her warm enough. But she answered bravely,-"What letter?" "This," drawing from his pocket the little, pitiful plea she had sent him a

year and a half ago. "Because I was homesick and sorry -then," she replied desperately, striv-ing by a strong emphasis on the "then" tification. "Well," she cried passion-ately, fighting hard to keep back the hot tears that threatened to overflow, "I wrote you that letter more than a year ago. What have you to say? You did not answer it—there the matter

"I beg pardon—I did answer it." "What?" "I replied immediately!"

"I never got your letter." "I did not write one."

"I did not hear from you!" "I did not intend you should."

"You said-"I said I replied at once. So I did. I came to you. Do you know what this letter said to me, Nannie?" spring-ing to his feet and speaking with all the earnestness of a strong conviction. "It said to me more than you perhaps behind it did; it said you were mine, Nan —and I came and watched over what

"But I did not know-I-" "My darling, I did not mean you should. But I knew that you had proved the emptiness of your ambition, and had learned to know your heart. I was so sure that you would never change again-if, indeed, you ever had-that I resolved to wait and tell you my story Have you no word for me, Nan-

The pretty head was hung down, and the eyes fixed on the ground.

"Nan, at your summons I sold the old farm and journeyed to the city, there to fight for fortune and guard my treasure. I have made fair progress to ward the first-and I claim my reward. Come here, my dear."

Paul held out his arms, and in an instant Nan's head rested on his shoulder, while his kisses fell warm on her upturned mouth.

"Nannie," he whispered, "say 'I am sorry I ever went away." "I won't." "Well, say I am glad I am safely

And Nannie lifted her graceful head, and with her soft eyes gazing tenderly into her lover's handsome, steadfast face, answered earnestly,—
"I thank God I am safely home, dear Paul!

The Possible Power of Railroads in Politics.

Just how heavy the weight the railroads of this country might throw into a political balance may be approximated by considering that there are in the employ of railway corporations 1,600,000 men, who with few exceptions, are citizens in the prime of life. They constitute nearly one-sixth of the voting population of the Republic. The power to wield any considerable portion of so mighty a force would render its possessor well-nigh independent of laws and of the men who are supposed to make them.—Philadelphia Record.

City, are being connected with a battery, so that they can be operated by the or-ganist in the chancel. They will be used as chimes with the grand organ, which is erected in six different parts of the building, all being operated by one person with the aid of batteries. Mr. Story's Pet Corn.

The Secret of the Late Earthquake in the Times

Mr. W. F. Storey sat in his Green Lake cottage with an expression of deep disgust upon his usually placid and dig-nified face. He had been silently contrasting his present humble surround-ings with the prospective grandeur of his winter palace on the boulevard, and had become discontented. Finally, as if seeking by a change of position to turn his thoughts in another direction, he impatiently threw one leg over the other. As he did so his most cherished corn came in contact with a chair. It diverted his mind from the contemplation of his furniture, but the effect was not what he had anticipated, and he lifted up his voice and gave utterance to his sentiments.

"Ouch!" "His wife, who sat in an adjoining room dallying with some needle-work, hastened to his side.

"What is the matter, my dear?" she what is the matter, my dear? she asked in sympathetic tones.

A rapidly uttered and somewhat disjointed sentence, made up principally of blanks, explained the situation.

With wifely commiseration she soothed his troubled spirit, and intimated that she had seen in the *Times* an advertisement of a sure cure for corns.

"Bring me the Times.

She brought the paper at once, and handed it to him. He sat for some minutes contemplating with grave satisfac-tion the legend at the head of the first column of editorial: "The Times; by W. F. Story." Then he began his search for the advertisement. At the end of two hours he found it. It was not an advertisement. It was merely a local paragraph reciting somebody's ex-perience with a refractory corn and advising everybody else to go and do likewise. The treatment was simple and warranted to be effectual. The patient was directed to stick a needle into the coin until the point touched the quick; then apply a lighted taper to the other end of the needle and hold it there until the point, buried in the corn, had be come red bot. The result would be a blister, and with the blister the corn would die and drop off, to return no

Mr. Storey learned the directions by heart and determined to try the experiment. He did try it, and for two long days thereafter sat with his foot in a sling suffering the most intense agony. Then he spoke.

"Wife," said he, "this is simply damnable." "Yes, dear," she replied. "I know it is, but you should not use such an ex-

pression in the presence of a lady."
"Humph! Get me a telegraph blank."
Like a dutiful helpmate she obeyed, and he wrote as follows:

"Green Lake, Wis., July 23. Dennett, Times.
-Who wrote that item about curing corns?
W. F. STOREY. In due time there came the following

"Chicago, July 23. W. F. Storey, Green Lake, Wis:-Major Hinman wrote it. DENNETT." Then Mr. Storey sent this brief order:

That was the secret of the latest exlosion in the Times office. - Chicago

A Druggists' Love. It was evening, when a youth with "penny-royal" step slowly meandered down a "serpentaria" walk, apparently communing with the "sweet spirits of nitre." "Aconite' miss her," he whispered in stentorian tones; "I 'aloes' could depend upon her. O Cupid, how bitter sweet!" Hark! what was that?-Nothing but a belated 'colt's-foot' borne upon the 'squilly' breeze. Ten miles I camphor' to see her, to gaze into her 'glycerine' eyes. Oh, why should I sulphur' thus?" and with an agonized, prolonged, soul-stirring, "concentrated ginger" cry of "Bella Donna!" (he was an Italian") he recklessly threw himself into a "fustic" chair, and the clock boomed eight. An "ethereal," "chloroformic" step gently approached, a lissome figure with a face of "cold creamy" complexion, nearer, nearer, and the clock boomed nine. The distant barking of a dog mingles harmoniously with "wild cherry," "Peruvian" and "elm" bark, ravishing to the senses. He starts up with glad "hops," rushes forward and soon his lips are "ground glued" to hers. "My darling!" he mutters, "Iodide of potash' had you failed me, but now hopes, doubts I no 'morphia.' I 'castor oil' to the winds." But she only gazed into his "blue mass" eyes, and the clock boomed ten.

Alexandria Bombarded. "I hear dey's bombardin' Alexan-dria," said old Cinderella, the ashes-

"Yes, the fun's begun," replied the reporter.
"It tain't no fun, sah! I feel rale 'dignant ober it. I used ter lib in dat town and I has a great deal ob feelin' for it,

gatherer, excitedly, to a Critic scribe re-

shells inter dat town, anyhow?" "You are slightly mixed, Uncle Isaac," rejoined the reporter, "they are bombarding Alexandria, Egypt, not

Virginia. "Nebber mind 'bout tackin' on dem Greek words. De Critic sez dey is bum-bin' Alexandria, and I feel highly de-moralized ober it. I tell you, dem Inglish is too fresh, an' I'm one ob de boys dat's a-goin' down on de ferry-boat to de bumbin grounds to help salt emaway. Now you hear me a-talkin'," and he waddled off shaking his head and muttering innuendoes against "dem fresh Inglish dat dars to cum up de Putomack and fling dere bumbs inter de town of Alexandria."— Washington Critic.

The centennial bells in the tower of the A. T. Stewart Cathedral, at Garden tradesman a five dollar Irish Republic note, such as were common in 1867, at the time of the great Fenian excitement. The note reads: The Irish Republic is indebted bearer in five dollars. five dollars will be paid six months after the acknowledgment of the inde-pendance of the Irish nation at the treasury of the Irish Republic."

A "Postil" by Martin Luther. We accidentally discovered in this city, not long since, a "postil" of Martin Luther—that is, a series of sermons written by him to be read to congregations by ministers who were not competent to prepare sermons for them-selves. It was published in 1532 by L. Luft, of Wittenberg, who, by the way, was the printer of all Luther's works during the lifetime of that reformer.— The book is composed of three volumes bound in one, the binding being full calf with fancy brass corners and brass clasps. The binding, either from age or stain, has a very dark brown mahog-any color; and, although three hundred and fifty years old, carries its age lightly, being well preserved through all its changes and mishaps. It is printed from old German text in wooden type, and profusely illustrated with highly-illuminated woodcuts, the illumination being done by hand with very bright colors and gold and silver leaf. To us the most astonishing feature about the book is the fact that these colors seem to have retained all the brightness which they had when put on-not faded in the least. The same is true, too, of the large fancy initial letters at the beginning of each sermon. The gold leaf was used principally in forming the halo about the head of the Saviour, or on the urns and other vessels used about the temple. It was also employed in decorating the garments of the high priests and of the wealthier classes represented. These garments are said to be of styles worn by Germans in Luther's time, and make

a very curious display. Viewing the engraving as a work of art, simply, it is amusing to note how literal the artist has been in his interpretation and illustration of passages of scriptures. For instance, the illustratration of the passage which speaks of casting the beam out of our own eye before attempting to pluck the note from our brother's. The Saviour is repre-sented as directing the attention of his disciples to a man at some distance who is about to pick from the eye of another something which looks like a very small pin, while from his own eye a great stick of timber projected diagonally toward

The devil, when cast out in one instance, is shown as a sort of flying nondescript with bat's wings, a vulture's beak, and mammoth claws, these last two appendages being painted black,

while the body of the thing is green. This "postil" came into the hands of John Hartman, an old German, who lives in Amelith, this county. He purchased it in Bavaria, Germany, of a Tyrolese family, for the insignificant sum of ten cents, in 1850. He himself is a perfect bookworm, and we are told that in his log-cabin at Amelith he has old books of great value, they all being of a religious and moral character.—Bay City Press.

Old and New Hair Treatment. The arrangement of woman's hair, which has so much to do with their appearance, has undergone more changes during the last quarter of a century than the style of their dress. Skirts from six to ten yards in circumference, gaged in to pointed waists, wing sleeves with full caps at the arm holes, and other fashions in garments at that time do not look as awkward at present as the sleek hair covering the ears and puffed out full behind them, and the immense braids which made the head look like a basket in the back-the popular way of arrangement twenty-five years ago. What a metamorphosis in a woman's head from that time. The hair is now made light, dry and fluffy, that it may be crimped and frizzed and curled. A little "Betty knot" is all that is requisite in the back, where the many-stranded braids were so luxuriantly coiled or the

cushion-like chignon was pinned on. That was the period of pomades, when sleek and well-plastered locks were shiny with grease, and the hair was made heavy with oil. It was then part of a housewife's duty to beat up lard, soften it with castor oil, perfume it with bergamot, and keep the jars of the toilet table filled with this mixture. A lump the size of a hickory nut was but a small amount with which to anoint the head daily. So freely was this unguent used that the average head was soaked with grease. Night-caps were necessary to preserve pillow-slips, and caps were kept by the most tidy housekeepers to place on the heads of guests when they sat near the wall; otherwise,

a circular mark of grease was left upon it to remind them of their visitor. The first innovation appeared in the form of a "tricopherous," which was a mixture of alcohol and oil. It became popular for hair dressing, because it was more cleanly than the solid grease of pomatum. After this "invigorators" of all kinds followed, each one contain-ing less oily matter. Finally the "blonde set in, and as grease made the hair dark and heavy and is an enemy to crimps, all the lotions for hair-dressing were compounded without the oily ingredients, and the day of dirty heads passed. With pomatum nightcaps went out of fashion, and although there is sarves me right, I se got a family ob 'lations residin' dar now. What biziness has dem Inglish boats got to cum up de Putomack ribber and fling der bumb-

Spoiling Maud S.

"I snppose Vanderbilt has a right to do as he pleases with his stock," said a gentleman who had lately spent a week or two in New York, and who takes an interest in fast horses, to a Herald representative yesterday, American public generally will be sorry to learn of the manner in which he is managing that great favorite, Maud S. I saw him driving her a few days ago, and it was clearly evident that he was spoiling her. He drives her like a Jehu. no matter what the condition of the roads may be, and pulls and hauls the mare about much as a hack-driver might be expected to do with a less royal team. I was sorry to see it. I was told that A man was recently arrested and jail- he was not only spoiling her gait, but spoiling her temper as well; and you know what an excellent reputation Maud used to have on account of her kind disposition. I would rather see Vanderbilt stick to his railroad stocks."

> Sensible to the last, the dying cob-bler folded his hands and murmured: "It's awl up! I'm pegging out!"

-Cleveland Herald.